

THE
P I K E:
A
T A L E.



L O N D O N:
Printed for J. Penn, at the *Dove and Bible*, the
Corner of *Pope's-Head Alley*, in *Cornhill*.
M. DCC. XXXIII.

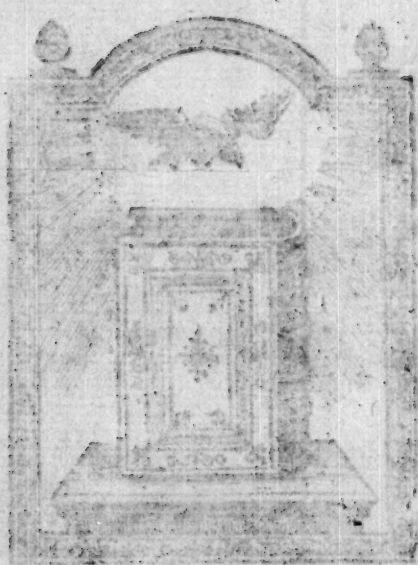
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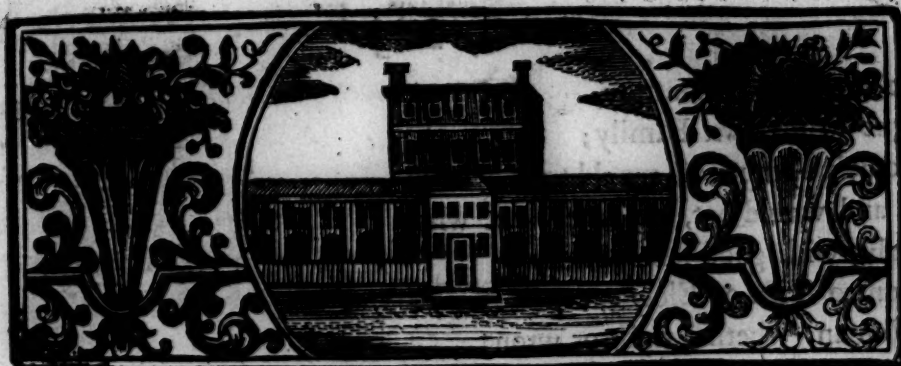
T A L E



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THE PIKE: A TAL E.



IN London liv'd, some Years ago;
(The Street or Court I need not shew)
A Person of no low Degree,
In Fortune or in Pedigree:

A Wife he had, so mild, so good,
The Husband acted as he would;
And Heav'n, for to compleat their Joy,
Thought fit to bless them with a Boy.
With such a Fortune, such a Wife,
Who could not lead a happy Life?
But yet, in Spite of every Ill,
Which does Man's Life with Trouble fill,
Mankind will yet more Ills create,
Still to perplex their wretched State.
Tho' very few with this our Pair,
In Rank or Riches, could compare,
Yet were they far from being blest'd;
Their Bliss did jarring Strifes molest.
The Lady was by Nature sweet,
Youthful, and gay, but yet discreet:
The Man, alas! quite the Reverse,
Was fickle, stubborn, and perverse;

Was
in their Wives would go to spoil it:
Princes, cry'd he, what need you tell it?
Which put the Husband in a Flame:
The Dinner's laid; some boil'd and some can't

Was on the Rule of Contrary,
A Plague to his own Family;
His Spouse's Temper oft would try,
Would and would not, yet knew not why.
His Lady, with good sober Sense,
And wanted Tide of Eloquence,
(For Woman, whether right or wrong
Can seldom ever hold her Tongue,
And, be the Cause or good or bad,
To shew her Wit, or Teeth she's glad)
Would Lessons of good Nature preach,
And try if she could heal the Breach.
But Oh! all Efforts were in vain
His growing Passions to restrain;
In spite of all his Wife could say,
His Spirit brook'd not to obey.

If I mistake not, 'twas in *Lent*,
A *Pike* one Morning home he sent;
His Wife was under some Distress,
Which Way the Dainty she should dress:
Her churlish Husband, much she fear'd,
Whatever Way it was prepar'd,
To vex and teize his Wife inclin'd,
Some Fault would be too apt to find.
Says *Jane*, who was the Kitchen Maid,
(A cunning, fly, and artful *Jade*,
Who knew full well how to contrive)
If my Opinion I may give,
Each different Way I'd dress the *Pike*,
And see what then he will dislike.
No sooner said the Thing was done,
This Way they both agreed upon.
But now one Thing I must reveal,
My modest Muse would fain conceal:
As Master on the Table stood,
(But shitten Luck they say is good)
Oblig'd with Nature to comply,
Upon the Carpet he let fly.
That Instant Sir was at the Door;
The Carpet's flung upon the Floor;
The Cloth is in a Moment spread,
And all Things in just Order laid.

The Dinner's serv'd; some boil'd first came,
Which put the Husband in a Flame:
Prythee, cry'd he, what need you boil it?
None in their Wits would go to spoil it:

You well do know what I like most,
 I always use to choose it roast.
 Some roast immediately was brought,
 But that was raw and good for nought:
 Next Time he'd have it stew'd or broil'd,
 And fain would see if then 'twas spoil'd.
 When that too was before him set,
 Like any Madman did he fret:
 Was ever Fish, he cry'd, so drest?
 Who can, I pray, such Food digest?
 To murder such a noble *Pike*!
 I think, the Women all alike.
 Where is the Cook, an idle Slut,
 I'll quickly find the Hussy out;
 Much longer here she shall not stay,
 I'll go and turn the Jade away.
 Up starts his Wife, half dead with Fear,
 Her Face did full of Grief appear,
 Her Breath was stop'd with broken Sighs,
 And Tears ran plenteous from her Eyes.
 At last the painful Silence broke,
 And thus with faulting Tongue she spoke:
 To please and humour you, my Dear,
 You know, has been my chiefest Care;
 But you're so cross and so perverse,
 The more I strive you are the worse:
 Can you upbraid me with your Love?
 Yet all my Words and Actions prove,
 I've been, since we have liv'd together,
 A dutious Wife, and careful Mother.
 The Pain you give me did you know,
 Some Pity surely you would shew.
 From Tears she could not long refrain;
 But soon her Speech return'd again.
 Wherein have I offended you?
 Have I not always prov'd most true?
 Why is it then you storm and rave?
 Come, prythee tell me what you'd have?
 The surly Husband cry'd a T-d;
 She smiling took him at his Word,
 And spreading out the shaven Carpet,
 There's one, she cry'd, pray, please to eat it.
 To please my Spouse I'm always glad,
 When what he likes is to be had.
 The Man, touch'd with a Sense of Shame,
 Thinking how much he was to blame,

A tender Husband henceforth grew,
 And all his Passions did subdue.
 They Hand in Hand together went,
 And all their Days with Pleasure spent;
 Pleas'd with each other many Years,
 Free from vile Strife, and irksome Cares.

Poor Man, how blind art thou, how weak,
 When thou a happy Life would'st seek!
 The greatest Aims are often crost;
 The more we seek, the more we're lost.
 By Wealth in vain we seek to find
 What's only seated in the Mind:
 Blindly misled, we call them blest'd,
 Who are of large Estates possess'd.
 Happy the Man, who, fraught with Skill,
 Knows how to guide his stubborn Will;
 His various Passions can controul,
 And swage each Tumult of his Soul;
 Who does a Life of Reason lead,
 And in the Paths of Virtue tread:
 Then sure true Bliss that Man must have,
 If to be found this Side the Grave.

F I N I S.

